My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'ſt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a *Comma* tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th'impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou knoweſt already.

Hora. So *Guyldenſterne* and *Roſenerans* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conſcience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne inſinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty oppoſits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooes it not thinke thee ſtand me now vppon?
Hee that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coſnage, i'ſt not perfect conſcience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordſhippe is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thanke you ſir.
Doo'ſt know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gratious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beaſt be Lord of beaſts, and his
crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings meſſe, tis a chough, but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſsion of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordſhippe were at Leaſure, I ſhould
impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it ſir with all dilligence of ſpirrit, your bonnet
to his right vſe, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordſhip, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very ſoultry and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as t'were I cannot
tell how: my Lord his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that a has layed
a great wager on your head, ſir this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Cou. Nay good my Lord for my eaſe in good faith, ſir here is newly
come to court *Laertes*, beleeue me an abſolute gentlemã, full of moſt